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Red Riding Hood, The seven kids /

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RED RIDING HOOD



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**ACTION, IMITATION AND FUN
SERIES**

VI

ADVANCED PRIMER

RED RIDING HOOD

THE SEVEN KIDS

BY

MARA L. PRATT-CHADWICK

ILLUSTRATED BY

ELISABETH TAYLOR

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

BOSTON

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

Gr.

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1905

INTRODUCTION.

To the Teachers:

It is the writer's wish that these primers show forth the following:

1. That a primer may be based upon the classic.
2. That a primer may be constructed with reference to
 - (a) Action,*
 - (b) Imitation,
 - (c) Fun,

which, as every sympathetic observer of children must know, are the elements that enter most largely into the stories which little children like best.

As to the classic basis, certainly a vocabulary may be evolved as well from "The Three Bears," for example, as from cats and dogs. For cannot a child as well in the beginning say, *I see a bear as I see a cat?* And can he not build up day by day from the bear as well as from the cat?

Then, too, these tales are pedagogical to the primer grade. Every first grade or kindergarten teacher knows the delight with which little children listen as she reads them; hence that first of all elements—interest—is fully satisfied in these tales.

Again we find in these classic tales a second pedagogical principle—that of action; for in these olden tales most rapid and vigorous activity predominate.

A third principle, too, is in evidence—that of repetition; and a child loves the rhythm of repetition.

And still a fourth pedagogical quality is found in these classic tales, i. e., the dramatic—personification—dialogue—or in another term,

* See Barnes' "Studies in Education," Vol. I.

imitation. Every teacher knows how little children love to personify; to put words into the mouths of animals; to fancy conversations between the flowers and the trees, and to build dialogue from the verse and from the story.

There is, however, yet another element which should come into child's literature and which is found in perfection in these old classics; and that is the element of the serial.

Most primers are now carrying something akin to a continued story, but a true serial is one that represents different ages of one act. For example, in the famous German picture book, "Slovenly Peter," we have in perfect serial story, the tale of a heedless boy's mishaps at home and at school.

The "Slovenly Peter" of which I speak is a book of serial pictures; funny, the children call them, and no picture book has ever been so popular in all Europe. Moreover, it has been translated into other languages for the children of other lands.

The Sunday newspaper, with its Katzenjammers, its Foxy Grandpa, and its Buster Brown, is showing us a lesson in pedagogy which it would be well for us as teachers to heed. These serial pictures are the Sunday delight of millions of little children and glad would the teacher be if, on Monday morning, she could arouse one-half the eagerness and interest in the primer reading lesson. It would look then as if, while we are instructing our children through our primers, they are getting their education through the Sunday papers.

The element of the grotesque, too, which enters so largely into these Sunday serial pictures, is one very dear to the child's heart, and is found again in these old classics; and we cannot afford to ignore that element in the construction of our primary reading books.

It was once my pleasure to look over several hundreds of papers written by school children in reply to the question, What is the funniest

thing that you can remember? In the papers from the upper grades there were, of course, the elements of adult wit; but in the papers of the little children was found an almost universal testimony to the truth that the grotesque is the principal element in a child's idea of "funny." Little girls in long dresses, little boys in big hats, topsy turvy conditions; and, above all, deeds of monkeys were predominant.

It has been suggested that, possibly, in putting these classic tales into a primer form, from which the child shall perform the labor of learning to read, we may take from the child his enjoyment of the classic.

If reading were taught in the old-fashioned, laborious way, this question would indeed be worthy of grave consideration; for to rob a child of joy in these classic tales would indeed be unfortunate and unwise. The manuscript of these primers was, therefore, given over to a primary teacher who made an honest test of them upon the children. This teacher reported in favor of the experiment, it being her opinion that since there is so little labor and so much play connected with the modern reading process, the child's interest was by no means deadened; rather was it heightened and the ambition stirred by the presence of reading material with which they were already familiar. That this should have been so seems probable and consistent when we recall that children love always to do things with which they are familiar.

Such being true, then, why may we not throw off primer traditions of passivity and colorless ethics and give to the first grades as well as to the third and those above, the kind of reading that they love; and that which is in harmony with the child's real interest.

MARA L. PRATT-CHADWICK.

CONSTRUCTION WORDS.

There is a certain list of words the mastery of which is absolutely essential to the child before he can acquire any ease or comfort in reading.

This list is no less essential to the compiler of a primer if the compiler would present thoughts that are sequential and reasonable.

It should, then, be the aim of any teacher who thinks of the child as a human being rather than as a first grade pupil, to see that this list is acquired as soon as possible.

TO BE LEARNED BY SIGHT.

are	do	should	would
any	does	some	were
	don't	says	where
been		said	what
	goes		won't
could		two	
come	here	too	you
		to	yes
	might	three	yet
		their	your
	of	there	
	one	they	
	once		

TO BE LEARNED BY SOUND.

ăn	hē	ở	ủ
át	hĩs	ởn	until
ăm	hĩm	over	
all	hēr	out	why
ās	hās	off	when
and	hāve	our	while
	hād		which
bē	how	seen	wē
būt		see	
bỹ	Is	say	was
	It	shē	will
căn	If	shall	went
	I	sō	
dĩd	In	saw	
fôr	mē	this	th in these words is marked thus: th
frôm	mỹ	that	
	may	them	
gō	mũst	these	
gết		those	
gốt	now	with	
	nō	three	
	nốt		

The above list includes the construction words that make up the Ward list, placing these primers in harmony with that series of books.





See this little girl.

See her red hood.

It is a riding hood.

It is a red riding hood.

She is Little Red Riding Hood.

II

Is the hood red?

Whose hood is this?

“It is my hood.

I like my hood.

It is a riding hood.

It is a red riding hood.”

Whose hood is it?

Is it your hood, Little Red Riding
Hood?

“Yes, it is my hood.

I like my hood.”

hood

wood

good

stood

III



Little Red Riding Hood has a grandmother.

She loves Little Red Riding Hood.

Little Red Riding Hood loves her.

The grandmother made the hood.

IV



This is Little Red Riding Hood's mother.

"Come to me, Little Red Riding Hood," she said.

"Here I am," said Little Red Riding Hood.

“Put on your little red hood,
Little Red Riding Hood.

I wish to send you to your grandmother.”

“Yes, let me go,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“I like to go to see grandmother.”

“Here are some cakes, Little Red Riding Hood.

I wish you to take them to grandmother.

Grandmother likes these cakes.

She will be glad to see you, too,”
said her mother.

V

“I will go,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“I am glad to go.

I will take the cakes.

I will take them to grandmother.

She will be glad to see me.

She will like the cakes.

I love my grandmother.

She is good and kind.

She loves me.

And I love her.

She is kind to me.

She is kind to my mother.

We love grandmother.”

VI

Where does grandmother live?

She lives far away.

She lives near the forest.

Will Little Red Riding Hood be
afraid?

O no, she is not afraid.

She is glad to go.

“Are you afraid to go?” said her
mother.

“O no, I am not afraid,” said
Little Red Riding Hood.

“I like to walk in the forest.

I am not afraid in the forest.

I like the forest.”

VII

Little Red Riding Hood is going to her grandmother's.

Grandmother lives far away.

Little Red Riding Hood lives on one edge of the forest.

Grandmother lives on the other edge.

It is a long walk.

But Little Red Riding Hood is not afraid.

"I like the forest," she said.

"I like to walk in it.

I like to go to see my grandmother.

I am not afraid.

She likes to see me.

I like to take cakes to her.

She likes cakes.

I love my kind grandmother.

Grandmother loves me.

She will be glad to see me.

I will give her the cakes.

Mother sent them to her.

Mother loves grandmother.

Grandmother loves mother.”

edge

wedge

hedge

dredge

ledge

pledge

VIII



See Little Red Riding Hood.

She is in the forest now.

The forest is lonely.

Little Red Riding Hood is not
afraid.

She is going to see her grandmother.

Her mother has sent her.

She has a basket.

What is in the basket?

There are cakes in the basket.

There is butter in it, too.

Grandmother likes cakes.

She likes butter, too.

Little Red Riding Hood is not afraid.

O no, she is not afraid.

Grandmother will be glad.

Little Red Riding Hood will be glad, too.

IX



Little Red Riding Hood met a
wolf.

She met him in the forest.

He was a bad, bad wolf.

“I will eat this little girl,” said he.

“I will eat her.

I wonder what she has in the basket.

What have you in the basket?”
said the wolf.

“I have some butter.

And I have some cakes.”

“Where are you going?” said the
wolf.

“I am going to see my grandmother.”

“Where does she live?” asked
the wolf.

“She lives on the edge of the forest.”

X

“Is your grandmother ill?” said the wolf.

“Yes, she is ill,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“She is ill in bed.

She will be glad to see me.

She loves me.

I shall take this butter to her.

I shall take these cakes to her, too.

She likes butter.

And she likes cakes, too.

She lives far away.

But I am not afraid.

I like to walk in the forest.”

XI



“I must be going away now,”
said the wolf.

“So good-morning, Little Red
Riding Hood.”

“Good-morning.”

XII

“I must eat that little girl,” said the wolf.

“I must eat her.

How can I catch her?

I do not dare to eat her in the forest.

The wood choppers are in the forest.

The wood choppers might see me.

The wood choppers might kill me.

They do not like me.

I do not like the wood choppers.

They would like to catch me.

They would like to kill me.

The wood choppers saw me
speak to Little Red Riding Hood.

The wood choppers saw Little
Red Riding Hood speak to me.

So I do not dare to eat Little
Red Riding Hood now.

The wood choppers would see me.

I can not eat her now.

I must wait.

I will eat her by and by."

bare

fare

care

hare

dare

rare

pare

stare

XIII

“Good-bye, Little Red Riding Hood,” said the wolf.

“Good-bye, kind wolf,” said she.

“I must go now.

I must go to my grandmother’s.
Good-bye.”

“I shall see you again,” said the wolf.

Then the wolf ran away.

“I wonder where he is going,”
said Little Red Riding Hood.

The wolf ran through the forest.
He ran to grandmother’s house.
O, the bad, bad wolf!

XIV

“Ha, ha!” said the wolf.

“I know what I will do.

I will go to grandmother’s house.

I will eat her up.

I will get into her bed.

I will wait for Little Red Riding Hood.

I will play grandmother.

Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

Little Red Riding Hood is going to her grandmother’s.

I will catch her there.

Ha, ha! Ha, ha!”

O, the bad, bad wolf!

XV



The wolf came to grandmother's house.

He knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" said the sick grandmother.

“It is Red Riding Hood,” said the wolf.

“O, I am glad you have come,” said the grandmother.

“I have brought you some cakes and butter,” said the wolf.

There was a string on the door.

The wolf looked at the string.

“How shall I get in?”

“Pull the string.

Pull the string and the latch will come up.”

The wolf pulled the string.

The latch came up.

The wolf went in.

XVI



“How do you do, grandmother?”
said the wolf.

“O, you bad, bad wolf!” said the
grandmother.

“I do not wish to see you.

“Why are you here?”

“I came to eat you, grandmother.”

“Help! help!” cried the grandmother.

The wood choppers did not hear.

“Help! help!”

But no help came.

Poor grandmother!

No help came to her.

The wood choppers were too far away.

Soon there was no grandmother.

There was only a wolf.

And he was a bad, bad wolf!

O, what a bad wolf!

XVII



The bad wolf put on a cap.

The bad wolf put on glasses.

It was grandmother's cap.

They were grandmother's glasses.

"Now I must get into bed," he said.

“Little Red Riding Hood will soon be here.

I shall eat her, too.”

So he got into bed.

“I shall wait for Little Red Riding Hood.

She will come soon.”

O, you bad wolf!

See grandmother’s glasses.

See her cap.

Poor grandmother!

The wolf has on her glasses.

He has on her cap, too.

See him in her bed.

O, the bad, bad wolf!

XVIII



Soon Little Red Riding Hood
came.

She had the basket on her arm.

She knocked at the door.

Knock, knock, knock!

“Who is it?” said the wolf.

“It is I, Little Red Riding Hood.”

“O, I am glad you have come!”
said the wolf.

“Let me in, grandmother,” said
Little Red Riding Hood.

“I have some butter for you.

And I have some cakes.

How shall I get in?”

“Pull the string.

Then the latch will come up.”

Little Red Riding Hood pulled
the string.

The latch came up.

Little Red Riding Hood went in.

XIX

“Ah, good-morning, Little Red Riding Hood,” said the wolf.

“Good-morning, grandmother,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“Come to the bedside,” said the wolf.

“I am very ill, you know.”

“O, are you very ill?”

“Yes, I am very ill.”

“O, I am so sorry!” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“How long have you been ill?”

“A long, long time.”

“O, I am so sorry!”

XX



Little Red Riding Hood went to the bedside.

She was afraid.

“O! O!” she cried.

“What is it?” said the wolf.

“Why do you cry out?”

“You look so strange!” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“I am afraid of you.”

“Afraid of me?” said the wolf.

“Afraid of your grandmother?”

“But you look so strange, grandmother.

You have such big arms!”

“Big arms?”

That is good.

I can hug you all the better.”

Still Little Red Riding Hood was afraid.

O, the bad, bad wolf!

XXI

"These arms look so strange," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"They do not look like your arms, grandmother.

I am afraid of these arms."

"These are strong arms," said the wolf.

"See how they can hug you, Little Red Riding Hood.

Come here and let me hug you.

I will hug you."

But Little Red Riding Hood was afraid.

She would not come.

XXII

Little Red Riding Hood looked at the wolf's ears.

“And your ears, grandmother!

How strange they are!

They do not look like your ears.

They are too big.

I am afraid of them, grandmother.

They are such big ears!”

“Afraid of my ears?

They are good ears.

They are large.

But I can hear you all the better, Little Red Riding Hood.”

XXIII

Little Red Riding Hood looked at the wolf's eyes.

“O grandmother, what big eyes!

They do not look like your eyes.

I am afraid of those eyes.”

“Afraid of these eyes?

What a silly little girl!

Afraid of your grandmother's eyes!”

“Yes, I am afraid of your eyes,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“They are so big.”

“Then I can see you all the better,” said the wolf.

XXIV

"Come to the bedside," said the wolf.

"Come, so that I can see you.

Come, so that I can hear you.

Come, so that I can hug you.

Come, Little Red Riding Hood, come!"

"O, I am afraid!" said Little Red Riding Hood.

"I do not want to come!"

"Afraid? Why are you afraid?"

"Your eyes are so big, grandmother.

Your ears are so big.

Your arms are so big.

And your mouth, grandmother.

O, it is so big!"

"Big?" said the wolf.

"Then I can eat you all the better."

Growl, growl, growl!

The wolf sprang out of bed.

Growl, growl, growl!

"O! O! O!" cried Little Red Riding Hood.

gr owl

spr ang

f owl

r ang

h owl

h ang

XXV



“O! O! O!” screamed Little Red Riding Hood.

“O! O! O!”

“Help, help, help!”

“O! O! O!”

“What is that noise?” said the wood choppers.

“Don’t you hear it? Listen!”

“Help, help, help!”

“It is Little Red Riding Hood.

Why does she scream?

It is that bad wolf,” said one wood chopper.

“Yes, that is it.

Let us run.”

So the wood choppers ran.

They ran to the house.

The wolf saw them.

“They will kill me,” said the wolf.

So the wolf ran out at the door.

XXVI



“O, there you are!” cried the wood choppers.

“We knew that it was you.

You are a bad wolf.

Now we will kill you.”

So they killed the bad wolf.

And grandmother jumped out of his mouth.

She ran to Red Riding Hood.

"I was so afraid he would swallow you, too!" she cried.

Then she took Little Red Riding Hood up in her arms.

How glad they both were!

The wood cutters were glad, too.

"That wicked wolf!" they said.

"We have been trying to catch him for a long time.

Now he will never do any more harm.

“We will take Little Red Riding Hood home to her mother,” said the wood cutters.”

So they took Little Red Riding Hood to her home.

“What is it?” cried her mother.

“Why do the wood choppers bring you home?

Are you hurt?”

“No, I am not hurt,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“But there was a bad wolf.

He said he would eat me.

But the wood choppers came.

They killed the bad wolf.”

XXVII



“How did the wolf know you?”
said Little Red Riding Hood’s
mother.

“I told him my name,” said
Little Red Riding Hood.

“How did he know where you were going?”

“I told him where I was going.”

“How did he know where grandmother lived?”

“I told him where grandmother lived.”

“O, you silly, silly Little Red Riding Hood!

You must never talk with a wolf.

Never, never talk with a wolf again.”

“No, I never will,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

And she never did.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD VOCABULARY.

I	IV	V
little	mother	good
girl	come	kind
red	said	
hood	here	VI
riding	put	where
	wish	does
II	send	live
whose	some	far
made	cakes	away
like	take	near
III	them	forest
grand-	these	afraid
mother	glad	walk
loves		

VII	X	XIII
going	ill	good-bye
one	bed	again
edge	XI	through
other	must	house
long	morning	XIV
give		play
sent	XII	
	dare	XV
VIII	catch	came
lonely	wood	knocked
basket	choppers	door
butter	might	sick
	hard	brought
IX	would	looked
met	saw	string
wolf	kill	pull
eat	wait	latch
wonder		went

xvi	xix	still
help	bedside	all
cried	very	
poor	sorry	xxi
hear	time	they
soon		strong
only	xx	
xvii	cry	xxii
cap	out	ears
glasses	strange	large
got	such	xxiii
too	big	eyes
xviii	hug	those
arm	better	silly
let		

XXIV

mouth

growl

XXV

screamed

noise

listen

XXVI

knew

jumped

swallow

wicked

never

bring

took

hurt

harm

more

XXVII

told

name

talk

**STORY OF
THE SEVEN KIDS**



I



This is a goat.

The goat has seven little kids.

Mother Goat loves her kids.

The kids love Mother Goat.

Mother Goat must leave the kids.

She must go out to find food.

II



This is a wolf.

The wolf sees Mother Goat.

He heard what she said to the kids.

“I must eat those kids,” said the wolf.

“So go, goat, and find food.

I will get the kids while you are away.”

O Mother Goat, did you hear what the wolf said?

Did you hear, little kids?

Now the wolf is going away.

Hear him talk to himself.

This is what he says.

“Mother Goat is going to get food.

I must eat the kids.

I must have a good dinner.

The kids will not let me in.

But I must get in.

I shall think of a way to get in.”

III



“Now, good-bye, little kids.
I must go away,” said the Mother
Goat.

“The wolf will come.
The wolf will come to eat you.
The wolf will eat you, if he can
get you.

So do not let the wolf in," said the Mother Goat.

"We will not let the wolf in," said the kids.

"We will not open the door.

We will keep it closed.

We will open it for no one.

So go, Mother Goat," said the kids.

"Go to get food for us."

boat

throat

coat

load

goat

road

float

toad

IV

“Shall you know the wolf when he comes?” said Mother Goat.

“Shall you know his voice?

The wolf has a rough voice.

Listen, then, for the rough voice.

Do not open the door when you hear the rough voice.”

“No, we will not,” said the kids.

“And we will listen.

We will listen for the rough voice.

We will not open the door for the wolf.

We shall know him by his voice.

We will say, 'No, no, rough voice.

You cannot come in.

You have a rough voice.

We know that you are a wolf.

So go away, wolf.

We will not let you in.' "

"The wolf has black feet, too," said the goat.

"Look out for the black feet.

Do not open the door for black feet."

"We will look," said the kids.

"We will not open the door for any wolf."



So the Mother Goat went away.

The goat went to get food for the kids.

The wolf saw her go away.

“Now is my time,” said he.

So the wolf went to the house.



“Let me in,” said the wolf.

“Who are you?” said the kids.

“Why, don’t you know me?”
said the wolf.

“I am your Mother Goat.

Let me in.

I have some food for you.”

VI



The little kids looked out of the window.

“You are not the Mother Goat,” said the kids.

“You are a wolf.

We hear your voice.

It is a rough wolf's voice.

So go away, wolf.

We will not let you in."

"What, not let your mother in?"
cried the wolf.

"You are not our mother," said
the kids.

"You are a wolf.

A wicked old wolf!

We know your voice.

So go away.

You cannot get into our house."

enough

choice

rough

voice

VII

The wolf growled to himself.

Then he went away.

“I shall have to change my voice,” he said.

“Then I will go again to the kids.”

So by and by he came again.

His voice was now very sweet and kind.

“Open the door, little kids,” he called.

“It is the Mother Goat,
See, I have food for you.”

The kids looked at each other.

"The voice is soft," said the kids.

"Is it the wolf again?

Or is it our Mother Goat?"

"Let me in," said the wolf.

"Why do you not open the door?"

"Can it be the wolf?" said one kid.

"His voice is so soft," said another.

The kids kept very still for a time.

They did not open the door.

"Don't you hear me?" called the wolf again.

"Don't you hear your mother?

Why do you not let me in?"

VIII



The kids ran to the window.

“Let us see your feet,” they said.

“Open the door,” said the wolf.

“No, no!

Not until you let us see your feet,” said the kids.

"Let us see your feet, I say," cried the oldest kid.

"O, we see them.

Your feet are black.

Mother Goat's feet are white.

So go away.

You are the wolf.

We will not let you in.

We will not open the door for you.

You are not our Mother Goat.

You are a wicked old wolf.

We know your black feet.

We know you, wolf.

So away with you!"

IX

So the wolf went away again.

“Those kids are very wise,” he said.

“I will go to the miller and get some flour.

I will put it on my feet.”

So the wolf put flour on his feet.

Then the wolf went to the house again.

“Let me in, dear little kids,” said the wolf.

“I am Mother Goat.

I have food for you.

So open the door.

Quick, little kids, for I am very tired."

"O no, we will not let you in," said the kids.

"You must first let us see your feet."

"Well, look at my feet," said the wolf.

The kids looked.

Yes, the feet were white.

The voice was soft, too.

"The voice is soft," said one kid.

"The feet are white," said another.

"It must be Mother Goat.

Yes, we will open the door."



So the kids opened the door.

In ran the wolf.

“O! O! O!” said the kids.

For they saw that they had let
in the wolf.

The kids ran and screamed.

The wolf ran and growled.

“O! O! O!

O Mother Goat, come!” cried the kids.

“O come, come, Mother Goat!

Help, help your baby kids!”

“You need not cry for help,” said the wolf.

“Mother Goat cannot help you.

She has gone away.

I shall now have a good dinner.

One, two, three!

Four, five, six!

Seven little kids!”

XI



One kid ran into the clock.

The wolf did not see him.

“Now I have eaten all the kids,”
he said.

Then the wolf went away.

XII



By and by the Mother Goat came.

“Open the door,” said the goat.

“Let me in.

I have food for you.”

But the door was open.

So the goat went in.

XIII



“No kids!

O! O! O!” said the Mother Goat.

“Where are my kids?

O, my kids!

The wolf has been here.

Yes, the wolf, the wolf!”

The mother began to cry.

“O, my kids, my kids!

The wolf has eaten my kids!”

“I am here,” cried the kid in the clock.

“Where, where, where?” cried Mother Goat.

“Here, mother, in the clock.”

The mother ran to the clock door.

Out jumped the kid.

“Where are the other kids?” said the Mother Goat.

“The wolf ate them,” said the kid.

“He ate all but me.

I hid in the clock.”

XIV



The Mother Goat cried.

“Did you let the wolf in?” said the goat.

“Yes, we let the wolf in,” said the kid.

“He had a soft voice.

He had white feet.

The wolf said that he had food
for us.

The wolf said that he was the
Mother Goat.

He told us to open the door.

We thought it was you.

So we let the wolf in.

Then he ate the kids.

I hid in the clock."

"O, my kids!" cried the goat.

"The wolf ate my six little kids.

Only one little kid is left.

O! O! my kids!

My poor little kids!"

XV



By and by, the goat and the one kid went out for a walk.

The goat saw the wolf near a tree.
He was asleep.

“There is the wolf!” said the kid.

“The wicked wolf!” said the goat.
He has eaten my kids.

Some way I must get my kids
again.”

The goat went back to her house.
She opened the door and went in.
She took her scissors from the
work basket.

Then she went back to the wolf.
The wolf was still asleep.

“Now, I will get my kids again,”
said the goat.

“Sh! don’t wake the wolf.

See, I have my scissors.

And I will get my kids back.”

XVI



So the goat crept up to the wolf.
The wolf was still asleep.
Snip, snip, snip, went the scissors.
The goat cut the wolf open.
Out jumped the kids.
“O mother!” cried the kids.



“O my dear kids; my dear kids!”
cried the goat.

“Run away home, kids!

I will come by and by.

Run, or the wolf may get you
again.”

XVII



So the kids ran home.

Then the goat got six large stones.

She put the stones inside the
wolf.

Then she sewed the wolf up again.

The wolf slept on and on.

"You were a bad wolf to eat my kids," said the goat.

Then she put her scissors in her pocket.

"Good-bye, bad wolf," she said.

Then she went home.

By and by the wolf awoke.

"I have had a good sleep," he said.

Then the wolf tried to walk.

He could not walk very well.

"Why, how heavy I am!" said the wolf.

"I ate the kids, to be sure.

But are the kids as heavy as this?"

XVIII



The wolf started to go to the spring.

“O, I am so heavy!” he said.

He dragged himself down to the spring.



He tried to drink.

But he fell head first into the spring.

“O, these heavy kids!” he cried.

They made me fall into the water.

Help me out! Help! help!”

XIX



Just then Mother Goat came along.

“Help me out! Help me out!” cried the wolf.

“O no,” said the goat.

“I will not help you out.

You told my kids that your feet were white.

You told them that your voice was soft.

Then my kids opened the door for you.

My kids let you in.

Then what did you do?

You ate the poor little kids.

You said that you were Mother Goat.

But you will not get into my house again.

I caught you when you were asleep."

XX



“O help! help!” cried the wolf.

“O help! help!

Help me out!

O help me out!”

“No,” said the goat.

"You ate my kids.

But now they are safe."

"Help me out!" cried the wolf.

"No," said the kids.

"We are glad.

Help you out?

O no, we will not help you out.

Good-bye, wicked wolf.

When you are drowned you can
do no harm.

Never, never, again!

So, drown, bad wolf, drown!

Drown, drown, drown!

You wicked, wicked wolf!"

So the wolf was drowned.

He drowned in the spring.

“I am so glad,” said the goat.

“We are so glad!” said the kids.

“We are all glad,” said the
Mother Goat.

What’s this rumbling

And tumbling

And rattling like bones?

I thought I had eaten

Six little kids;

But they’ve turned out

Only stones.

—*From the Mulock version of Fairy Tales.*

SEVEN KIDS VOCABULARY.

goat	black	soft
seven	feet	kept
kids	time	still
leave	don't	until
wolf	looked	oldest
heard	window	white
himself	cried	wise
dinner	wicked	millar
think	house	flour
open	growled	put
door	change	dear
closed	again	quick
comes	came	first
know	sweet	screamed
voice	kind	baby
rough	each	one
listen	other	two

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